INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1894-TWELVE PAGES.

Record of the Experiences of a

Sergeant of the Famous 93d.

Faith of the Scotch Commander in His

Thin Red Line-Horrors of Cawnpore

and Relief of Lucknow.

The old Ninety-third, the never-to-be-for-

submissive to discipline as any regiment in

Mitchell shows, they used their reasoning

powers like true Scots, and offered sugges-

dier was not at all above taking. Another

curious illustration of the relationship be-

tween regiment and commander-in-chief

was the fact that Sir Colin, in explaining

proposed movements to his officers, some-

times did so in a voice audible to the men,

thereby acquainting the latter with his in-

tentions and breaking no rule of military

etiquette. He felt unbounded trust in the

obedience and courage of his "Thin

Red Line;" be it recorded that

ay, Sir Colin, ye ken us and we ken you; we'll bring the women and children out o'

THE CAWNPORE MASSACRE.

Mitchell describes the advance and cap-

ture with a vigorous pen. The march was

English ladies and children had taken place,

the bodies being thrown into a well in the

garden. The floors of the "slaughter-

house" were still covered with congealed

blood, and littered with torn garments and

slippers of women and children and locks of long hair evidently severed by sword cuts. Most piteous of all was a sight which

ad been seized on as a diabolic and con-

women and children. This hook was covered

whitewashed wall it was evident that a little child had been hung on to it by the neck with

its face to the wall, where the poor thing must have struggled for long, perhaps in the sight of its helpless mother, because the

wall all round the hook on a level with it

was covered with the hand-prints, and be-low the hook with the foot-prints, in blood, of a little child." Some of the wretches

tried and found guilty of having assisted at this massacre were punished in a way

which, by destroying their caste, made

death seem to them a trifle. They were taken to the "slaughter-house" by the scav-

enger police, made to crouch down and

flogged until with their tongues they licked

clein a square foot of the blood-soaked floor. Then they were taken out and hanged on a gallows erected between the

house and the well where the murdered English women and children lay. On the

arrival of the Ninety-third, Sir Colin Camp-

bell put a stop to this particular punish-

ment as "unworthy of the English name

eral Neill," adds Mitchell, "has been much

blamed for this order; but in condemning

the action we must not overlook the prov-

ocation. The General saw more of the

horrors of Cawnpore than I did; but what

natives who claimed to have been eye-

witnesses of the horrible scenes which

they described, were enough to make the

words 'mercy' and 'pardon' appear a

mockery." The next year, while Mitchell

was in charge of a high-caste native

under sentence of death, he was told by

this man that Nana Sallib had intended to

spare the English women and children, but

that they had an enemy in his zenana in

formerly been a slave girl. She persuaded

him to order the massacre, being sup-

ported in her evil counsel by many of the

Nana's male advisers, who wished to

back. His own guard refused to do the

work, as did the Sepoys of the Sixth Native

Infantry. Then the flendish slave girl

went forth into the city and found the men

-two butchers among them-who did the

deed. In the war which followed this

side-on the rebel's part through stony

cruelty, and on the part of the Europeans

because they needed every available man

for the struggle and could not guard

prisoners. Mitchell notes in concluding his

the European soldiers went through the

terrible scenes of the mutiny with great

their power.

reach him.

moderation, especially where women and

children, or even unarmed men, came into

shut up in Lucknow, with a handful of

English troops to guard them, was one at-

tended by many thrilling episodes. Every position leading up to the Residency was

won with repeated bravery by the attack-

ing column, one of whose units was the

reckless litle soldier then known as "Plucky

wee Bobs," and now as General Lord Rob-

nate, in blind fury; while the Ninety-third.

fresh from the sight of the "slaughter

house," screamed "Cawapore! You bloody

murderers!" till hoarse and mad with thirst

brought on by biting the muzzle-loading

cartridges with their sifting powder. They

were so inflamed by memory of the Sepoy

atrocities that mutilation and death seemed

to have no terrors for them. One poor fel-

low, whose leg was carried clean off above

the knee by a round-shat in the advance

on the Shah Nujeef, was mocked head over

heels by the force of the shot. "He sat bolt

upright on the grass, with the blood spout-

ing from the stump of his limb like water

from the hose of a fire engine, and shouted:

Here goes, a shilling a tay; a shilling a

day! Pitch into them, boys pitch into them!

Remember Cawnpore, Ningy-third; remem-

and he fell back in a dead faint, and on we

went," He was dead before the doctor could

A WEIRD TALE.

The capture of Secundralagh, as de-

ber Cawnpore! Go at then, my hearties!"

erts. The natives fought like devils incar-

The rescue of the women and children

mments on this phase of the war, that

I massacre no quarter was given on either

that he could not draw

him so implicated

the person of a female fiend who had

saw, and the stories which were told by

a Christian government."

New York Tribune.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



FEB'Y 1st It's easier to count cash than it is to invoice goods, and we have

concluded to

CONTINUE OUR GREAT CUT-PRICE SALE

For another week. The prices are the lowest, and the values the best ever offered by any house in this city. If there is a

SHADOW OF A DOUBT

About any of the bargains we advertise, no such shadow can for one moment linger in the mind of any person who will take the trouble to examine the goods.

OVERCOATS

75 For any \$12 or \$10 Ulster or Overcoat in our store.

11 75 [For all \$18 and \$15 Overcoats

\$14.75 {For any \$20 or \$22 Overcoat or \$12.50 {For any \$18, \$16.50 or \$15 Suit in our store.

\$22.50 \{\begin{array}{l} \text{For choice of our \$35, \$30} \\ \text{and \$28 Tailor-made Over-} \\ \text{coats and Ulsters.} \end{array}} \B14.50 \{\text{For choice of our \$22 and \$20} \\ \text{fine tailor-made Suits.} \end{array}}

Reduced from 25 to 50 per cent.

UNDERWEAR

Reduced to less than actual cost. It will pay you to buy it now.

SUITS

\$8.25 \{\frac{\text{For choice of our \$12, \$13.50 and \$14 Suits. They come in double and single-breasted Sacks.}}

BOYS' OVERCOATS & ULSTERS S16.50 Buys your choice of the finest All go in, including our \$30, \$28, \$25 Suits.

Boys' and Children's Suits ing days and nights they had not taken off clothes and accourrements and their bodies around their waists where held tight by their belts were worn to raw flesh. Sergeant Peter Gillespie, the possessor of the Crimean medal with the four clasps for Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman and Sebastopol, was asked by the London Times correspondent when they expected to be in Lucknow. "Well, I dinna ken, sir," said Peter, "but when Sir Colin likes to give the order, we'll just advance and take it."

At the same sweeping reductions. Your choice of \$10 and \$12 Child's Knee-Pants Suits for \$6.25, and choice of our \$6, \$7 and \$8 Knee-Pants Suits, \$4.75.

Old Prices Marked in Black Figures Reduced Prices in Red Ink

The Trogress Cothing House

THE MARION COUNTY BAR IN 1857.

As a picture is helped by being put in a proper frame, so it is fitting in exhibiting the principal persons who made up the Marion county bar of the last generation to have in mind the scene of their forensic encounters. I see the old courthouse and the old courthouse square, with its rows of malodorous allanthus trees, reeking with their midsummer perfume; the sheriff's cattle pasturing in the tall blue grass; the gravel walks, miry and spongy in the early Statehouse, with its steep roof, surmounted with a belfry, and topped off with a lightning rod which pierced two gilt balls, with a weather-cock that moved so lazily that it was always lying about the wind. Inside, the court room occupied the most of the ground floor, and on the upper floor a smaller room was fitted up for the use of the Common Pleas Court, when the business of the Circuit Court crowded it out of the lower room. The furnishings of the court room were not extravagant nor marked by any particular display of artistic taste. Whatever of ornamentation the walls and ceiling could boast was the work of the smoky stove supplemented by the cheap tapestry furnished by colonies of ancient spiders. The floor was covered with coarse matting saturated with tobacco luice and the vast accumilations of dust anderneath deadened the footfalls of lawvers, litigants and witnesses. The tables which were provided for the books, hats and overcoats of the lawyers were of plain poplar covered with green baize. The jury box was in the northeast corner; the judge's bench, elevated about two feet above the floor, was against the north wall; the clerk's desk was in the northwest corner, and the sheriff had his coop or box on the east side, near the jury box. An enormous stove with a drum stood rear the west wall, and the busy bailiff was wont to punctuate the pathetic passages In the advocates' harangues by vigorous pokings of the reluctant fire. I see the Circuit Court in session,

Judge Stephen Major presiding, John C. New is in the clerk's desk, and John E. Foudray at his post in the sheriff's box. The Circuit Court held two terms and the Common Pleas held three terms in each year. The criminal business was divided; felonies were prosecuted by indictment in the Circuit Court, and misdemeanors were cognizable alone in the Common Pleas upon informations filed by the district prosecuting attorney. All probate business was transacted in the Common Pleas, of which Governor Wallace was at that time judge. The order of business in the courts was usually arranged at a par meeting, on the first day of the term, presided over by the judge, who would call the docket and ask the counsel in each case how much time would probably be consumed in its trial. Mr. New, the clerk, would then make up a trial calendar. Often a case would drag, and witnesses and parties in other cases would crowd the court room, when a new arrangement would be made. At that time the most of the miscellaneous and litigated civil business was in the hands of Robert Walpole, Wallace & Harrison, McDonald & Porter, Morrison & Ray, Rand & Hall, Barbour & Howland, N. B. Taylor, Yandes & Hines, John Coburn, Ketcham & Coffin, William Henderson, Newcomb & Tark-

Judge James Morrison was then the Nestor of the bar, and in right of his seniority he was the only lawyer who was | worthy to be called "the last of the Roallowed to smoke during the sitting of | mans." the court. He selected a seat on a platfrom the lower floor where the other at- unaided by memoranda or information from complexion.

torneys were usually collected. Other members of the bar were in the habit of relieving the tedium of business by cracking jokes and indulging in running criti-cisms of the performances of their brethhave the ear of the court or jury. Judge Morrison took no part in this play. He came to court to transact business, and when he rose there was quiet. Even if another attorney was presenting a matter the reverent, not to say obsequious, judge recognized Judge Morrison, and the younger attorney must wait. General Harrison was once arguing a motion or demurrer, when suddenly he was silenced by the "sh-sh" of the presiding judge, who bowed to Judge Morrison, and told General Harrison to sit down. All of Judge Morrison's Morrison's questions in court were privileged questions, and they superseded the regular order of business. He was a Scotchman and had the pugnacity, pertinally and integrity of his race.

Counselor Roberts, but before publication day that venerable gentleman appeared in Dogberry row in all his pristine vigor and my obiturary notice was knocked into pir —and I was glad of it —W. P. F. Once Judge Wick and Judge Morrison were trying a case before Esq. Scudder. Wick was a man of powerful frame, and though a pair of beetling brows gave him an air of severity and moroseness, he had a kindly, even-tempered nature. Morrison said something that nettled him, whereupon Wick called him a "raspy" old Scotchman. Morrison seized a chair and struck at Wick, who warded off the blow. "What do you mean, Judge Morrison?" said Wick. You insulted me, sir. You called me a 'rascally' old Scotchman," replied Morrison. "No," said Wick; "I used the word 'raspy." "I beg your pardon, Judge Wick," was the response, accompanied by an apologetic bow. It did not pay to crowd the old gentleman, and those who did so realized that the man who sits upon a Scotch thistle has an uncomfortable seat. Withal, Judge Mor-

perhaps, which made him appear cold and listant to those who were not admitted to the close intimacy of friendship. His written pleadings and briefs were models of conciseness and strength. Thoroughly versed in all the intricacies of special pleading, he knew how to put his case on paper without useless verbiage, and yet comprehensively enough to let in all the necessary proofs. He had a horror for the loosein with the code, and under which "constitutional lawyers," as our venerable professional brother Joseph Roberts was wont to designate those who came to the bar without any certificate of qualification—were in the habit of pleading the evidence instead of the facts. His oral arguments were strong and lucid. He understood and used with precision what Judge Jeremiah Black once designated as "the language of the Mandarins." As age crept upon him there came a sort of asthmatic obstruction into his speech which made it laborious for him to address a court or jury-but the flow of his thought was clear and his grasp of a legal proposition was firm to the last. Like Pericles, he was seldom seen in public except on his way from his home to his office and the courts. As a Democrat he was consulted by the party leaders, but took little

rison had a high-bred courtesy and a self-

respect a little too strongly emphasized,

active part, in the years I knew him, in public meetings. I only recall one speech made by him upon a popular occasion. There was a meeting of lawyers in the old county courthouse the day after the assassination of President Lincoln and my recollection is that he was the first to speak. His denunciation of the crime and his warm eulogy of the martyred President, delivered in measured though tremulous tones, made a profound impression. He was a stanch churchman, and the duties of the parish offices he bore were discharged with scrupulous fidelity. Measuring the extent and value of his practice by the number of cases in which he was concerned in the county courts, I made the mistake of supposing, when I first saw him, that the old lawyer was being shelved by the new and rising generation, but I saw my error when, going to the United States Court, I found Judge Morrison engaged in nearly all the important litigation in that tribunal. His income was always large for those times, but like all the lawyers of that day who did not invest in real estate, Judge

Morrison at his death possessed but a mod-

erate fortune. Speaking of him as a lawyer

orduous practice of the pioneer days, a

master of the great and lost art of special

pleading, true to the strictest code of legal

ethics, eschewing politics, faithful to his

jealous mistress, the law, I think him

of the old style, bred and schooled in the

lowing additions to the list of the members of the Indianapolis bar who have died since 1857: C. Byfield, S. A. Buskirk, Jared M. Bills, R. P. Parker, J. S. Heiler, Ben. F. Davis, Calvin F. Rooker, Samuel Adams, W. A. Lowe, Samuel Adams, J. M. Troxell, James A. New, Jephtha D. New, George Campbell, John Young, J. Parmelee, John Morrison, W. D. Tobin and Charles that I add Judge Rand, Judge Burns, Sloo Caldwell and Joseph T. Robthe reason that these gentlemen are in good once prepared a lengthy obituary notice of Counselor Roberts, but before publication day that venerable gentleman appeared in Dogberry row in all his pristine vigor and

New York Tribune Dr. Joseph Bell, of Edinburg, the original of Conan Doyle's detective, Sherlock Holmes, said the other day concerning his now distinguished pupil: "I did not know he was coming out as a literary character, but I always regarded him as one of the best students I ever had. He was exceedingly interested always upon anything connected with diagnosis, and was never tired of trying to discover all those little details which one looks for. I recollect he was amused once when a patient walked in and sat down. 'Good morning, Pat,' I said. for it was impossible not to see that he was an Irishman, 'Good morning, your honor,' replied the patient. 'Did you like your walk over the links to-day, as you came in from the south side of the town? I asked. 'Yes,' said Pat, 'did your honor see me? Well, Conan Doyle could not see how I knew that, absurdly simple as it was. On a showery day, such as that had been, the reddish clay at the bare part of the links adheres to the boot, and a tiny part is bound to remain. There is no such clay anywhere else round the town for miles. Well, that and one or two similar instances excited Doyle's keenest interest, and set him experimenting himself in the same direction, which, of course, was just what I , wanted with him and all my other scholars. I should just like to say this about my friend Doyle's stories, that I believe they have inculcated in the general public a new source of interest. They make many a fellow who has before felt very little interest in his life and daily surroundings think that after all there may be much more in life if he keeps his eyes open than he had ever dreamed of in his philosophy. There is a problem, a whole game of chess in many a little street incident or trifling occurrence, if one learns how to make the

and try to git a job in town. the work won't be quite so hard. crazy to leave the old farm?

St. Peter-Well, what kind of a life have Applicant for Admission-I will read you two or three of my obituary notices and the epitaph that is to be put on my tomb-St. P .- Obltuary notices and epitaphs

What the Serpent Said. Imp-Well, did you get into the Garden Satan-Yes; I took the form of a serpent and finished up the business in short order. Imp-How did you induce the woman to risk everlasting torment for just one mean little apple? form near the stove, somewhat removed | In so long a list made up from memory, | Satan-I told her it was good for the

correspondent suggests

The Original of Sheriock Holmes.

He Must Be Lazy.

Farmer Hardfist-What under the sun i the reason that boys are such no-account critters nowadays? Here is our son, Jasper, pretty nigh crazy to leave the old farm Mrs. Hardfist (meekly)-Perhaps he thinks Farmer Hardfist-Work? Why, shucks, Polly; he don't skurcely know what work is. He hain't done a thing since supper but milk the cows, feed the horses, slop the hogs, split and carry in the wood and kindlin's, shell a little corn, ketch the colt and turn the grindstone for me about half an hour. He's had all the rest of the time to mend the bridle I broke this mornin'. What in the name o' Tunkett makes all boys so

St. Peter Wants Facts.

don't go here. What we want is facts.

scribed by the sergeant, is ore of the most exciting episodes of modern warfare. When the fight was done, over two thousand of the center court, and line officers and plano. ninety-nine men of the Ninety-third were among the killed and wounded. In one of the chapters dealing with the capture Ram's Horn. Among the volunteers who came from the Seventy-second was a man named your ills, you make them sick.

When people inquire about your health spire to secure it, they kept the secret very closely to themselves. The same vessel that turn it, which I did. Oh, yes; she's awfully the Seventy-second was a man named your ills, you make them sick. Mitchell tells this curious story: I the Seventy-second was a man named | your ills, you make them sick.

THE INDIAN MUTINY James Wallace. He and six others from the same regiment joined my company. Wallace was not his real name, but he never took any one into his confidence, nor was he ever known to have any correspondence. He was usually so taciturn in his manner that he was known in the company as the Quaker, a name which had

followed him from the Seventy-second. He had evidently received a superior education, for if asked for any information by a ignorant comrade he would at once give it; or questioned as to the translation of a Latin or French quotation in a book he would give it without the least hesitation. I have often seen him on the voyage out walking up and down the deck of the Belleisle during the watches of the night repeating the famous poem of Lamartine, "Le Chien du Soli-

taire," commencing: Helas! rentrer tout seul dans sa maison Sans voir a votre approche une fenetre

gotten "Thin Red Line" of Balaklava, was, when hurried to India by news of the mutiny, a splendid regiment of a thousand big Scotchmen, seven hundred of whom Taking him all in all, Quaker Wallace was a strange enigma which no one could solve. When pressed to take promotion, for which wore on their breasts the Crimean medal for valor. They were of the Cromwellian his superior education well fitted him, he absolutely refused, always saying that he had come to the Ninety-third for a certain purtype, temperate, praying fellows, often going into battle with a Presbyterian hymn on their lips. The regiment was a military Highland parish, minister and elders commarch to Lucknow it was a common thing to hear the men in my company say they plete-the latter being selected from among would give a day's grog to see Quaker Walthe men of all ranks-two sergeants, two

lace under fire; and the time had now come corporals and two privates. They were as | for their gratification. There was another man in the company who had joined the regiment in Turkey be the service; nevertheless, as Sergeant fore embarking for the Crimea. He was also a man of superior education, but in many respects the very antithesis of Wal-He was both wild and reckless and used often to receive money sent to him from some one, which he as regularly spent in drink. He went under the name of Hope but that was known to be an assumename, and when the volunteers from the Seventy-second joined the regiment in Do-ver, it was remarked that Wallace had the address of Hope, and had asked to be posted to the same company. Yet the two men never spoke to one another; on the con trary, they evidently hated each other with a mortal hatred. If the history of these two men could be known it would without doubt form material for a most sensational novel. Just about the time the men were tightening their belts and preparing for the dash on the breach of the Secundrabagh, this man Hope began to curse and swear ty-third!" he called to them before
Lucknow, "you are my own lads; I rely on
you to do the work!" Up went a ringing him, telling him that oaths and foul language were no signs of bravery. Hope replied that he did not care a decay what the Captain thought; that he would defy death; that the bullet was not yet molded that would kill him; and he began exposing him-self above the mud wall behind which we Lucknow or die wi' you in the attempt!"
While making their way to the Residency, and exhausted with constant fighting, they besought their leader to remain behind while they went on to storm the Shah Nujeef. "We can be replaced," they exclaimed, "but you can't. You must remain behind—we can lead ourselves." Lead themselves they did in many cases—often with judgment as good as their daring was great. "All right, Sir Colin; we'll do it!" they shouted, a fortnight later, when he explained to them why they must make a forced march to Cawnpore; and they did it, though for seven-and-twenty fighting days and nights they had not taken off clothes and accoutrements and their were lying. The Captain was just on the point of ordering a corporal and a file of men to take Hope to the rear guard as drunk and riotous in presence of the enemy, when Pipe Major John McLeod, who was close to the captain, said: "Don't mind the puir lad, sir; he's not drunk, he is fey (meaning doomed.) It's not himself that's speaking; he will never see the sun pipe major's mouth when Hope sprang up on the top of the mud wall and a bullet struck him on the right side, hitting the buckle of his purse belt, which diverted its course, and, instead of going right through his body, it cut him round the making a deep wound, and his bowels breath, when a couple of bul-went through his chest and he lets went through his chest died turned died without a grean. John McLeod turned died without a grean, "I told you, and said to Captain Dawson, "I told you, sir. The lad was fey. I am never de ceived in a fey man. It was not himself who spoke when swearing in you terrible manner." Just at this time Quaker Wal-lace, who had evidently been a witness of Hope's tragic end, worked his way along to where the dead man lay, and looking on the distorted features he solemnly said, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is

ro God. Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord. I came to the Ninety-third to see that man die." All this happened only a few seconds before the assault was ordered and attracted but little attention except from those who were immediate witnesses of the incident. The gunners were falling fast, and almost all eyes were turned on them and the breach. When the signal for the assault was given Quaker Wallace went into the Secundrabagh like one of the Furies, if there are male Furies, plainly seeking death, but not meeting it, and quoting the 115th Psalm, Scotch version in metre, beginning at the first verse: Most piteous of all was a sight which brought tears streaming down the cheeks of stern soldiers, and which may be mentioned here as an instance of the hideous cruelties that evoked relentless reprisals from the English forces; "it was an iron hook fixed into the wall of one of the rooms of the house, almost six feet from the floor. I could not possibly say for what purpose this hook had originally been fixed in the wall. I examined it carefully and it appeared to have been an old fixture which had been seized on as a diabolic and con-

I love the Lord because my voice And prayers He did hear.

I, while I live, will call on Him
Who bow'd to me His ear.

And thus he plunged into the Secundra bagh, quoting the next verse at every shot given by his bayonet. It is generally reported in the company that Quaker Wal-lace, single-handed, killed twenty men. him. I may here remark that the case of Wallace proved that in a fight like the hand to hand and foot to foot, the way to escape death is to brave it. Of course, Wallace might have been shot from a distance, and in that respect he only ran an even chance with the others; but wherever he rushed with his bayonet the enemy did their utmost to give him a wide berth.

THE CORDON BLEU.

A Little Story Not in Accord with History, but Still Interesting.

It is a cheering fact that all our lecturers on cooking are women. The lecturer of the second annual pure food exposition is no exception. That she is assisted by a "famous chef" leads me to ask how many know that it was the genius of a woman cook that led to the institution of the cordon bleu which can only be bestowed upon women. Not very long ago I labored under the delusion that this order was awarded to men only. Being set aright by a clever correspondent, I want to apologize for an injustice to my own sex and tell an interesting story in the lives of a French King and his favorite.

Louis XV had no more faith in women cooks than masculine epicures have now. Madame Du Barry, on the contrary, believed in them and determined to convert the King to her way of thinking, not by discussing the abstract proposition of the equality of the sexes but by testing a thick pheasant jelly as the first dish of a sumptuous repast. This argument was followed by the crust of a French roll, filled with livers of eel pouts. Louis XV awaited the next proposition with impatience; it took the form of a delicious hash of snipe. A supreme of chicken, crayfish cooked in Sauterne, a roast pullet and kickshaws completed the demonstration. The delighted father of his people confessed that he had dined as became a king, and asked to see the cook. A woman was brought before him, and there was nothing for it but to accept the defeat of prejudice with good grace. He conferred upon her the order of the "Cordon Bleu," which from that time has been the recognized designation of a skillful female cook. Why cannot some phllanthropist found a National Cooking School, the highest award of which shall be the transplanted order of the Cordon Bleu? What a glorious chance to save this country in time of peace.

The Queerest Deed.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "The most peculiar deed I ever saw." said attorney H. L. Higginbotham, of Alabama, "was in a little town on the Tombigbee river. It was referred to me for the purpose of instituting a suit in ejectment for forty acres of land. Soon after the war closed, parties came through that country representing to the negroes, none of whom could read or write, that the government gave them a mule and forty acres of land with their freedom. They should catch the first mule they found, and were to place a striped pole at each corner of a forty-acre tract of their master's plantation to secure the land. These poles they sold for \$5 a set. The negroes worked and begged until they got the money and got the poles, receiving a deed to the land. Of course, they were not allowed to hold the property, and the result was that the deeds found their way into the law offices. The one referred to me read: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so have I lifted this poor black fool out of \$5."

Rubinstein May Come. New York Recorder.

Paderewski will return to this country next November, under the management of C. F. Tretbar, and will begin his season in San Francisco. That he will again garner shekels goes without saying, only-Rubenstein visits us, as Herman Wolff, of Berlin, believes he will, then even Paderewski will have to look to his laurels. The old Russian bear is sixty-five years of age, but his playing is as volcanic as ever. I only hope that he will overcome his aversion to sea travel, for we will hear the greatest tone that the fingers of man ever the enemy lay dead within the building and coaxed from the unsympathetic keys of a

Great Truth.

Brief History of the Spanish Settlement of California.

It Was a Country of Fabled Wealth That Spain Coveted-How the Famous Missions Were Established.

J. M. Scanland, in New York Post. The discovery of California, the land of romance, was no doubt owing to what might be called a romance. A few years after the publication of the "Sergas de Esplandian," locating the fabled land of California "on the right hand of the Indies, very near to the terrestrial Paradise," Cortez sent out an expedition of discovery. His object was to bring back some of the pose, and when that purpose was accom-plished he only wished to die. During the pearls and gold that this "island" was supposed to be strewn with, even to the subjection of the Amazons who were said to inhabit it. The story that the supposed island was inhabited only by women, who mercilessly slew every man who came in sight, did not shake the navigator's faithso blinded was he by the exaggerated accounts of their armor of solid gold. On the return of the expedition Sandoval made a report similar to the description in the

novel-evidently having read it-but he did not bring any corroborative evidence in the shape of pearls, gold, or even a captive Amazon. It is not likely that Cortez believed this report of his lieutenant, but he indorsed it to the King of Spain, perhaps with the view of being provided with more vessels and men for treasure-seeking expe-

Where the "gifted author" of that romance found the name California has been a matter of much speculation. The most tion. Mexico was carrying out the original name is that it is derived from "Caliph," that the Amazons referred to were allies of

It is not believed that Sandoval actually in the novel. However, a subsequent expedition, about 1524, discovered the peninsula but instead of black Amazons with armors of gold they found nude savage Indians, and were received with bows and arrows. While the discovery of Lower California is traceable to a wild romance, the discovery of Alta (upper) California is the result of a crime. Fortuna Ximenes, chief pilot of La Conception, headed a mutiny while on a subsequent voyage of discovery, and murdered Beyeressa, the captain. They then changed the course of the vessl to escape punishment and sailed until they saw land, which proved to be the upper part of the peninsula of California. After landing these mutineers, it is believed, beaches the vessel and took to the woods, following a nomadic life among the savages, and never returned to civilization. Subsequent inland expeditions were told by the Indians that white men with beards had been seen. The Spanish government refusing to aid other expeditions of discovery, an effort was made to "boom" the country. A report was sent to Mexico to the effect that three Spaniards and a negro, giving the names as evidence of good faith, had seen bags of gold and silver, arrow-heads of emeralds, their overland journey. They told a sensa-tional story to the effect that ten years previously they had left Florida for the West, that the Indians had killed all of their party, excepting themselves, and that they had been that length of time en route. They located the wealth they saw in that section of country now known as Mexico.

This had the desired effect, and other expeditions were sent out; but the royal treasury was not enriched by the expected pearls

Next came the greatest romancer of all— De Niza, a priest. With the negro above re-ferred to, he set out to discover those cities of immense wealth where bags of silver and gold were said to be laying around loose for the inspection of passing strangers. According to the story of this visionary, they traveled northward many days, meeting tribes of Indians, who believed them to have come from another world. Finally they came to a mountain, from the heights of which they looked down into a were called the Seven Cities of Cibola. They attempted to enter one of the cities, but, unfortunately for corroborative evidence, the negro was killed by the Indians. The padre made his escape. The seven cities were described by him as being within a limit of seven leagues. A Spanish league is two and one-fourth miles, and there within that circumscribed area, Acoma is supposed to stand upon the ruins of one of are one hundred miles apart.

This report, however, had the effect of dispatching another expedition to this land of fabled wealth, after which the matter was dropped for about a century and a half, so far as the government was concerned. Private expeditions came to the It is not stated what become of the priest-ly remancer. He no doubt was told by the Pueblo Indianas the tradition of the Seven Cities of Cibola, and he may have been permitted to visit some of their villages. But he never saw the Seven Cities. JESUIT MISSIONS.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, or two hundred years ago, the Order of Jesuits were granted a royal license to establish missions in Lower California, which country had been so long neglected after it was found that the stories of fabulous wealth were mere inventions. The Spanish government had been bled so profusely in furnishing fruitless expeditions that it refused to aid the cause of Christianity. . It mostly desired worldly riches in the shape of pearls and diamonds, yet was willing that the priests should carry the cross at private expense. A "plous fund" was raised and several missions were established in Lower California, the first being at Loreto, in 1697. The manner in which the missions were established there differed from the later system in Upper California. When \$10,000 was subscribed, the money was loaned at 5 per cent, interest. This sum was for the establishment of the mission, each mission representing a capital of \$10,000. The priest hired and paid his soldiers, usually four or five, and appointed an officer over them. whom he also paid. Consequently, the soldiers were subordinate to his will. The Jesuits found colonization, or rather Christianizing, of the Indian's to be a yery difficult task. As soon as the medicine men, or sorcerers, saw that they were losing power over their tribes, they began to incite insurrection. A war was waged with the bitterness and savagery natural to designing priests who dreaded losing their power, influence, and source of profit. They told their people that the Spaniards had come to seize their lands and enslave them, and appealed to them in savage oratory to continue to live in the belief and according to the customs of their fathers whose memories they invoked. Many insurrections followed. Additional soldiers became necessary, but the work was a failure. After about seventy years, with a chain of missions extending throughout Lower California, it was found that only

lieved, from their subsequent history, that this was mainly due to force. The Aztecs of Mexico and Peru worked out for themselves a far superior civilization than that which seventy years of missionary work accomplished in Lower California. When the Spanish government at last awoke to the necessity of establishing sta-tions along the coast of Lower California for the protection of their vessels against the Dutch pichilingues, and as water stations, the priests objected. They did not wish to relinquish their military control. The government somewhat changed its missionary policy and the priests began to sow discord among the natives. But the Indians were tired of their enslaved life-tilling the soil for the padres and diving for pearls for the soldiers. This brought about a rebellion against both priestly rule and Spanish authority. At this juncture, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the Order of Jesuits had become universally unpopular. and on a certain night in 1767, at midnight, every Jesuit church and college in Spain. "New Spain," and Lower California was taken possession of by the soldiery. So secretly was the order executed that the first thing the padres knew of the move was that they were under arrest. Priests of the Franciscan Order were installed in their places. The Franciscans nad been notified of the

about 25 per cent. of the fifty thousand In-

dians of Lower California were under the

jurisdiction of the missions, and it is be-

fifteen Jesuits brought fifteen Franciscans to take their places. The vessels arrived, it is reported, on Good Friday, and the members of the two rival orders united in high mass. The Indians, the rightful owners of the country, looked on with indifference at this change of masters, and secretly rejoiced in the "war of Christians." They detested and feared the Spanlards, and mocked the priests whose prayers they repeated without understanding their mean-

The Spanish officials, however, still be-lieved that there was something in that novel, and in the wild reports of the priest, De Niza. They did not believe that priests would live in a land of desolation, but thought that they were concealing the wealth that they had found. The government officials could not conceive how any one would rather have supreme power in a wilderness among savages than remain subjects amid civilization.

A NEW POLICY. Spain now decided to extend a line of outposts further north, on the Roman plan, but using the missionary work as a disguise. Her plan was to convert the missions into pueblos, or towns; pay her discharged soldiers in the lands thus acquired, and colonize the country. She never intended that the missions should be permanent, or to intrust the priesthood with governing power, any longer than was absolutely necessary for the completion of this secret policy. Accordingly, the Franciscans extended their missions to Alta (upper) California, and established a claim of missions along the coast as far as Yerba Buena (San Francisco). No sooner had the missions been established than Spain expounded her policy by issuing a royal cedula to the ef-fect that all missions that had been in existence ten years should be converted into pueblos. This was in 1813, and it included all missions in both Californias. But the revolt of Mexico prevented the execution of

About twenty years later the Mexican Congress passed a law to secularize the missions and also to confiscate the "pious fund," which was at interest in Mexico, and now amounted to about \$2,000,000. While the priests did not show any great disposition to rebel against the edict of Spain which abolished the missions, they used their power to prevent subsequent confisca-They supported the short-lived Mexican empire as against Spain, but when that collapsed they opposed the republic and claimed allegiance to Spain. Then they were ordered out of the country. Some of them refused to go, and it seems the Mexican government was not powerful enough in California to enforce the Governor's de cree. The priest at San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, went so far as to prepare for war by inclosing the building with an iron railing and arming the Indians. At nearly all of the missions the Indians uprooted the grapevines, cut down the fruit trees, killed the cattle and drove the horses to than let the government have the property for which they had labored for more than half a century, and some of the most rabid of the priests hastened the work with their own hands. Several instances are reported of priests concealing large sums of money in olive barrels and in leathern sacks partly filled with tallow, and shipping them to Spain, to which country they returned after the secularization.

The Jesuits were expelled for conspiring against royalty, and the Franciscans were expelled from the country for opposite reasons-adhering to royalty.

The colleges of the San Franciscans having recently been abolished in Mexico, and no two of the order being permitted to dwell together, they are now seeking an asylum in California, and are making an effort to restore the ruined missions to their former grandeur, and establish colleges for the education of priests of their order. But the Indians whom they enslaved for nearly three-quarters of a century have relapsed into that state of nature in which they were found. They knew the story of the slavery of their fathers, and proselyting among them will be very slow. The "mission policy" in California was a failure, as it was intended by Spain that it should be, and this second attempt will be even more disastrous. All that remains of three-quarters of a century of slavery of body and mind is a few crumbling walls-monuments

of injustice and of the degradation of a race of people whose imperfect civilization was impaired by the contact.

LIGHT WITHOUT HEAT. One of the Achtevements Likely to Crown a Century of Progress.

The Electrical World To the speculative mind, none of the pos-sible future applications of electricity is more attractive and none so full of immediate interest as the possibility that seems almost within our grasp of obtaining light without heat, of making the light waves without the heat waves that have thus far always been at the same time the com-panion and the burden of all artificial light. The time is ripe, and the exact science of the day seems all but ready and willing to give the analysis of two great problems, the answer to either of which would stand the crowning achievement of a century of progress in the application of nature's secrets to the requirements of daily life. One of these—the navigation of the air—seems to be a mechanical problem only, seems to be a mechanical problem only, while the other—the production of light without heat—we may as confidently say is only a question of properly handling the electric current. Nature presents us with beautiful examples of both solutions, but guards jealously the key to her method of operation, by which well-known forces are made to do the appropriate of the samples of the solutions. forces are made to do the apparently impossible thing, and it is equally beyond our science to-day to explain how the bird soars aloft on motionless wing and how the glow worm emits a gleam of light without a ray of heat. They do it, and the many imitators of the bird will soon be equaled in number by those who are chasing the firefly's secret. What nature does with nature's forces man should and doubtless will be able to do with a full knowledge of those forces and a better comprehension of the methods by which nature applies them. Who shall say which is the more difficult accomplishment, the production of an artificial ruby or the production of an artificial light without heat? There is no certainty, indeed, that the latter will not come from the hand of the chemist first We are only too prone to hastily write that down as the impossible which is simply not yet done, and our last achievement as the most difficult of all accomplishments. Let us not, however, forget that the chemist has striven for more than a century to make the artificial stone with commendable success, and the mechanic has striven a century to navigate the air, while the electrical engineer has wrestled but a comparatively short time with the problem of light without heat, and has already shown that the solution, far from being impossible on the lines of attack, is, indeed, a reasonable expectation of another decade

of electrical advance. She Meant Well.

New York Evening Sun. There is a dear old lady who always performs to the utmost the duties of her position in life. The most difficult of these are her visits of consolation. She is not absentminded, but her ideas are apt to get astray and fetch up nobody knows where. The husband of a neighbor, coming home half drunk one cold winter night, fell from his horse and froze to death. The circumstances were painful, and not to be dwelt on to the widow. Accordingly, when this lady started over to visit her neighbor in grief she was carefully reminded by her anxious family to not say anything that might increase their neighbor's grief. It was in the country, and other neighbors had come on the same neighborly errand. As frequently happens, all sat speechless around the bereaved wife. When the s'lence became too oppressive this neighbor made an effort to start appropriate conversation

"We are having very cold weather." No one responded, and she continued, with con-"This week has been the coldest weather we have had for a long time." There was an uneasy movement throughout the room; the widow put up her handkerchief, but no one spoke. "Really," she continued, "last Thursday night"-this was the fatal night-"it was so cold that even the apples froze in our cellar." Here the widow broke down, and the

dear lady ceased to make conversation. Instances of Meanness.

New York Press. "Man? That's no word for it. She keeps a secret just because she hates to give anything away. She won't let a tramp who calls at her door have a bite. She won't even let her husband have the last word. And she wants her family to be mean, too. Why, when her daughter, in a moment of tenderness, gave me a kiss last night, the poor girl was almost frightened to death at the thought of what she had done. She said the mother would be just awful mad proposed expulsion, and, if they did con- with her if she found out that she had